

CHICAGO CANCERS.

Where the Devil's Work is Openly Carried On.

[Chicago Herald.]
"Do you notice that woman there, sitting at the same table with that wicked-looking fellow whose eye is in mourning? Yes, well, she is the lawful wife of a bookkeeper with M. F. Co. She has two children, beautiful ones, too. She had them once with her, one night last winter, and even made the little one drink whiskey after she was completely befuddled herself. Then she didn't show up again at my place for three months. I supposed her husband raised the deuce with her and frightened her so she didn't dare indulge in her whims."

The speaker was the keeper of one of those West Side dago shops that Captain Bonfield tells the mayor and the press have been squelched by him and his men, but which really flourish with old-time impunity on various street corners between Madison and Lake, Desplaines and Morgan streets; a score of them, at least. The place where the reporter found himself is none of the worst of its class; it is kept scrupulously neat and clean, the liquors served there are of good quality, and the carousing men and women, while there, must not make any great noise or do anything else to attract the attention of the respectable neighbors to whom, by-the-by, County Physician Blumhardt belongs. Still, this high-toned dago shop is an abode of lawlessness, and would have been out long ago if the police of the west side did their duty, which they eminently do not. The saloon serves, like the rest of them on the west side, as a trying place for the illicit "affairs," as a favorite resort for the "refined" demi-monde, for the male protectors, for that class of exorbitant creatures known as pimps, and for married women unimpaired of their hymenial vows. During any hour of the night one may find carriages in waiting outside, which sometimes stay there till dawn of day. In short, the place is one almost exclusively used for the vilest purposes.

At the small table to which the proprietor had called the attention of the newspaper man, whom he, of course, did not suspect as such, there was seated a group whom it might be well to portray as showing faithfully the ruin and shame that is wrought and by these dago shops. There was a handsome woman, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years old, of whom the dago had spoken. She was dressed in a navy blue dress of a soft woolen material that flowed gracefully down her limbs and showed off a majestic bust to perfection. Her blonde hair was done up in a knot, and her lustrous eyes, to which strong drink had imparted additional splendor, shone with just and pleasure. To her right a young fellow was seated, whose arm encircled her waist, and who had just let off a risqué jest that convulsed the pale girl at his other side. The young fellow had recently been in a slugging match, as various traces on his face attested. But the handsome woman seemed to like him all the better for that.

"Wouldn't your old man stare if he saw you here, Lou?"

"I suppose he would," said the bookkeeper's wife, with a toss of her voluptuous shoulders. "I'm sick and tired of him anyway, and if it wasn't for the children I'd have left him long ago. But that reminds me. It's past midnight, and my old man thinks I'm nursing a sick friend."

"Let's take one more drink," said the sluggard, "and then we'll see you to the cars, me and Nat."

"All right, one more," said the guileless woman, whose craving for spirits overruled her anxiety as a mother. And they began to drink again. Two hours later they were still seated at the same table, and then the handsome woman was led out by her companions and they were seen to take the way to Nell's house, from which the woman emerged some time later with flushed cheeks and a trembling gait.

The other guests present in the dago shop were of the regulation pattern—fallen women, and several specimens of that detestable order of beings who are men but in name. "Have you often customers of the kind like the women in here?" the dago shop keeper was asked.

"Frequently. You'd be astonished if you could see sometimes what ladies come here. Wives of Board of Trade men; fashionable ladies from the South Side, who are out on a lark; decent women who have forgotten themselves just for once with a man who knows how to take advantage of their weakness. There are regular customers among this class of ladies, for instance, who is a young widow, living in splendid style on Oak street, on the north side, comes here every little while in her own carriage. She often has the coachman called in, if she comes alone, and then it's a treat to watch the two. The coachman, a burly, apple-faced Irishman, at first tries to maintain formality and a respectful style of addressing his lady. But as they keep on drinking together, and the lapse of half an hour or so they grow quite familiar and confidential. And when he at last helps her into the carriage he often gives her a tender squeeze, and she seems to like it. And that is a lady, mind you, who has wealth and aristocratic culture by the score, and who is a member of a high-toned Episcopal congregation. The coachman once told me her little story, when she had another man with her and he was singing his glass of whiskey in the bar-room with me. When a girl, Lucy—that's her first name—had it all her own way. Her mother dying young and her father not having any control of her, she just tossed the whole house. At eighteen she was married to a young partner of her father's, who died two years later in the South of consumption. Since then she's been carrying on just like a young man would on counting of age with little property to speak of. She's a good woman at heart, and if she'd only man whom she could respect I think she'd be all right again. Queer story, ain't it? Well, I do have all kinds of singular customers. One might almost two years ago a clergyman, whose sermons are often reported by the Monday papers, and who is generally believed to be very pious and learned and all that, he came here in a carriage, with two pretty girls of the period. They had a high old time in that little back room there. Whether he was an investigator tour among the 'dives,' just like Talange some years ago, or whether he did it for fun, I don't know, nor do I care."

"Do the police ever interfere with you?"

"The police? Oh, no. They're fixed all right. They don't bother us as long as we don't allow any row nor any loud singing or screaming. We were warned some two months ago to be as careful as we could and not to excite the ill-will of the neighbors. And that's all. If there confounded

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Special Sale of Men's and Boys' LAUNDRIED and UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS!

From Monday 8 A.M. Until Wednesday 8 P.M.

REGULAR PRICE,		\$.50	WILL BE SOLD AT	\$.25
"	"	.75	"	.50
"	"	1.00	"	.75
"	"	1.25	"	.90
"	"	1.50	"	1.25
"	"	1.75	"	1.40
"	"	2.00	"	1.60
"	"	2.25	"	1.75
"	"	2.50	"	2.00
"	"	3.00	"	2.25

Will Return to Regular Prices Thursday.

SPECIAL SALE OF WHITE GOODS FRIDAY NEXT.

New Time Table.

MISSOURI PACIFIC.		ATTN.	LEAVE.
North bound	8:10 p. m.	8:25 p. m.	
South bound	8:15 a. m.	8:25 a. m.	
TEXAS AND PACIFIC.		ATTN.	LEAVE.
East bound	8:10 a. m.	8:15 a. m.	
West bound	8:10 p. m.	8:15 p. m.	
FORT WORTH AND DENVER.		ATTN.	LEAVE.
North bound	7:30 p. m.	7:30 p. m.	
South bound	7:30 p. m.	7:30 p. m.	
GULF, COLORADO AND SANTA FE.		ATTN.	LEAVE.
New Orleans	10:15 p. m.	10:15 p. m.	
Cleburne	8:10 p. m.	8:10 p. m.	
Acomodation	6:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.	

newspapers would only leave us alone there wouldn't be a word said about dago shops. I suppose we have put up with the abuse they give once in a while."

MORE PAUPERS FROM ABROAD.

Poverty stricken arrivals by Monarch Line.

(N. Y. Times.)

The steamship Lydian Monarch, of the Monarch line, which arrived from London on Tuesday evening brought five families of assisted Hebrew immigrants. Simon Zamborg said that he came from Poland with his wife and three children. He applied to the Hebrew Ladies' Society in London and received a passage ticket to America and 15s. He has no friends here. Louis Marks, also from Poland, said that he applied to the Hebrew Society in London and received £2 in addition to his passage ticket. He brought his wife and two children. He has a relative here who he does not think would assist him, even if he could find his address. Superintendent Jackson detained these three families at Castle Garden and their communication to Mr. Allen, of the United Hebrew Charities, asking if he could do anything for the assisted immigrants. Mr. Allen replied that they should not be allowed to land. A number of these people had applied to him of late, but they all proved to be idle and shiftless. When places were found by these people they were too lazy to keep them. The United Hebrew Charities was an organization for the benefit only of their people here, and he had no right to extend the assistance of the association to outsiders. The assisted Hebrew immigrants were paupers, and as such they should be put back on the steamships which brought them here. The heads of the three families mentioned said that they were anxious to work, but they did not appear to have energy enough to support themselves. Mr. Jackson sent them back to the Lydian Monarch. As they will have to return to London on the Lydian Monarch, which will sail for London on the 19th.

Barnet Choler, who also arrived on the Lydian Monarch, with his wife and five children, said that the Hebrew Ladies' Society in London gave him passage tickets and £1 10s. He claims to have a rich brother in Utica. The latter was notified, and the Choler family will be detained at Castle Garden until he should be heard from. Morris, Jacobs, who came with his wife and four children, said that the London Hebrew society gave him £1 and passage tickets to this port by the Lydian Monarch. He claimed to have a brother living here. The latter was notified, but Jacobs is detained at Castle Garden. If their friends do not call for them, the Choler and Jacobs families will be sent back to London. Rachel Marks, a childless immigrant, with three children, applied for aid at Castle Garden yesterday. She said she was sent out here by the Hebrew society in London. She arrived on the Grecian Monarch on June 25. She received £2, which did not last her long. Her husband came out here eighteen months ago and went to what part of that state to look for him. She was taken care of by the United Hebrew Charities until Thursday last, when she was informed that she would receive no further assistance from that association. She will probably be sent back to London by one of the Monarch Line steamships.

Among the immigrants on the State of Nebraska, of the Star Line, which arrived yesterday from Chicago, was an assisted family from county Kerry. The head of this family is Catherine McDermott, a widow, and there are three children. She claims to have friends in New York. She will be detained at Castle Garden until they call for her. August Engelhart, a German, who arrived here about eighteen months ago, has since been suffering from an acute attack of homesickness. The unfortunate young man, and has procured for him a free passage home.

Mechanics in Convention.

Pittsburgh, July 17.—The twenty-fourth annual convention of the junior order of United American Mechanics began today. Two hundred delegates representing 27 councils with a total membership of 12,000, are in attendance. Routine business occupied all day.

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INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Assets of Insurance Companies represented over \$120,000,000. Fire, Life and Accident Policies issued. Texas Land and City Property bought and sold. Taxes rendered and paid. Houses rented. Correspondence solicited.

The Old Ticket.

Washington Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

The boom for the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks seems to be gathering new force every day, and sagacious politicians are free to admit that it would sweep the country by an unprecedented majority. The New York Times of today contains an important interview by one of its correspondents with an old and intimate friend of Mr. Tilden, apropos to the announcement that leading Democrats throughout the state of New York are favoring the nomination of the "old ticket." This gentleman states that he is personally advised of Mr. Tilden's views and purposes regarding his nomination for the presidency, and that he is satisfied that he views his public career as a matter so absolutely in the control of the public decision that he will tacitly abide the event of a renomination. In regard to the idea of an excessive strain upon his physical condition he has been fully prepared for any contingency of this kind, not merely by his rapid restoration to health and vigor, but by his changed relations to such a campaign should it occur. At one time, not long since, even his immediate followers abandoned the idea of his further leadership, and went to seek their fortunes in other directions. But that Mr. Tilden would respond in the affirmative to a proper demand by the party and people there is not a particle of doubt.

Mr. Hendricks' willingness to accept a position on the ticket is treated as a significant event. The position is taken that it would be impossible for Mr. Tilden at this time to stand in the way of a general and organized demand for a historic vindication of the great wrong and injustice perpetrated by the installation of Hayes as president. Mr. Tilden can never again be a candidate for office until the people shall require it for the purposes of his vindication. He is not a candidate, this is absolute. It is equally absolute that if a demand should arise spontaneously, and the will not repeat the personal plea presented in his great letter to the Cincinnati convention. The ball is not set in motion by Mr. Tilden or his friends. Mr. Hendricks has at last risen to a sense of the true Democratic issue. The movement must be worked out in this way—initiated by Mr. Hendricks and reaching the day of election without word or act on Mr. Tilden's part, but resting on this joint responsibility. It is further informed of the activity of a great number of persons for the "old ticket."

On the subject of the labor of the office, it is suggested that by attention to principles instead of mere details his energies would amply suffice; and it is well remarked in reference to Mr. Arthur that his labor is in a large degree gastronomic. Mr. Kelly is kindly spoken of and his opposition recognized, but even if disposed to oppose the ticket he could not carry off his followers, and the vote of New York would be cast for Tilden, as it was in 1876, by a great majority.

BARBERS IN THE CITY.

How They Are Paid, and What They Earn.

(Chicago Herald.)

"There must be a great many barber shops in Chicago,"
"There are," said the tonsorial artist,
"there are 3,700."
"And how many barbers?"
"There are 3,700. I mean inside the city limits."
"How do the charges for shaves run in these shops?"
"Well, there are 113 that charge fifteen cents, and that charge five cents."
"Any twenty-five cent shops?"
"No sir."
"How much does a good barber earn?"
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"How much does a good barber earn?"

OUR PRICES ARE ATTRACTIVE.

Not at certain seasons only, but all the year round. Some houses make a practice of asking extortionate prices at the beginning of a season, but toward the close of the season they find their sales are small, and then they come out with flaming, catchy newspaper advertisements pretending to sell at cost, etc. But it won't work. Everybody has purchased, and furthermore no sensible man buys an article he don't need because he is told it is a bargain.

The above is not our practice. When the season opens and our goods are received we mark them out at a reasonable profit.

These prices are maintained the entire season, and we not only ask, but get

OUR ONE PRICE

From friend and foe alike.

Remember that by patronizing us you will make it mutually profitable.

D. SCHWARTZ & CO.,

Clothiers, Tailors and Gents' Furnishers,

Corner Houston and Second Streets.

C. B. DAGGETT, JR.,
Wholesale Grocer.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

106 and 108 Front Street, near Texas & Pacific Depot.

them in Chicago earn between \$18 and \$22 per week. Oh, yes, we have some pretty wealthy barbers. You see that one at the last chair over there? Well, he is worth about \$18,000. A great many Chicago barbers are worth more than \$10,000, and some of them reach as high as \$40,000. These high ones are proprietors, but nearly all of them still work at the chair."

"There are some wealthy journeymen, too, I suppose?"
"Yes, sir; many of them have saved up pretty respectable sums. There are several journeymen in this city who carry from \$500 to \$2,000 in their pockets."

The reporter went out after his sandwich.

Where Was the Mayor, Any Way?

(Chicago Herald.)

"No, the mayor is not in," said Secretary Thompson. "He's out of the city, the president of the Honduras Mining Company. But a V. I. P. will not succeed in roping Carter in for any stock," he added, chuckling to himself.
"Haven't you got things mixed?" asked the reporter. "Isn't Carter out with the President of the Republic of Honduras, and not the mining company?"
"Republic of Honduras?" exclaimed Thompson, contemptuously. "Why every newsboy knows there is no Republic of Honduras. It's that mining stock joint that had so many of its officers arrested for selling stock to suckers a short time ago. When the mayor's absent I'm mayor de facto of all the Chicago, North, South, West and the 'Levee,' and I keep posted. I do. You can't play off any Republic of Honduras on me. I've got too much stock in the company to get mixed on it."

THINGS WE ANXIOUSLY LONG

Feeling, as we do, a deep interest in the future welfare of the Fort, we advance steadily in the march of progress.

We long to see a Dallas man honest enough to admit the superiority of our over that unhealthy little burg.

We long for the completion of our sewers, our street improvements and our house.

And when the last named is complete, we long to see it dedicated with a at which "stars" as Booth, McCullough, Mary Anderson, Mdle. Rea and lights of prominence will be present as participants.

We long to see the railroad hospital complete and under control of able man.

We long for a summer garden, where weary mortals can decamp after a hard and work off the effects of the warm weather by a copious admixture of beer.

We long to know who will be the next President, and we would like to be Conkling had shaken the dust of politics from his feet and renounced all claims the hands of the next Republican Convention.

We long for things too numerous to mention, and amongst them we long for nants of our summer stock disappear entirely.

In order to satisfy this longing we inaugurated a clearing sale some time present appearances, we expect to satisfy it completely.

If you, dear reader, long for bargains in gentlemen's wearing apparel, call at boys' outfitting establishment of

WASHER & AUGUST

Houston Street.

TERRIFIC CYCLONE!

The cyclone has arrived, and dropped a car-load of Pianos and Organs down at the see them sure before you buy. Three grades each.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED WEBER, the delight of all famous musicians. THE EXQUISITE IVERS & POND, a duplicate of the Chickering piano—Mr. W. Ivers & Pond pianos for use in their institution, in preference to all others, after a been in the employ of Chickering & Sons twenty-five years. This is a new instrument and so far very highly appreciated. The New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Ivers & Pond pianos for use in their institution, in preference to all others, after a of every piano made in Boston.

THE HALE PIANO, known to all as the best low-priced piano on the market. IN ORGANS we have the ESTEY, MASON & HAMLIN and the SHONINGER, with Bell attachment—three of the best grades manufactured.

We are selling any of these instruments at competing prices and on the best terms. Go and see all the little places in town where you will find one or two instruments through Dallas—but wind up at Elser's, and see if we don't make you thrice happy for Write for catalogues and prices.

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